

EERIE



EERIE
22
JULY

MAY 1 1969

A WARREN MAGAZINE

PDC

40c

READY FOR FEAR?
SEE WHAT MONSTROUS GHOULS EXIST IN THE
PIT OF HORROR BENEATH THE WATER [PAGE 5]



60 SPINE-TINGLING PAGES BY THE WORLD'S
GREATEST COMIC ARTISTS & WRITERS!



MONSTER MASTERPIECE TIME FOR ALL YOU PATRONS OF THE PULSATING, AS ONCE AGAIN WE UNVEIL ANOTHER TERRIFYING TIDBIT IN...

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!



NO.10—THE MINOTAUR

WITHIN THE TWISTING WRITHING CORRIDORS OF THE **LABYRINTH**, CONSTRUCTED BY KING MINOS OF CRETE LURKED THE HIDEOUS HALF-HUMAN, HALF-BULL ENTITY THAT WAS THE **MINOTAUR**! EACH YEAR FOURTEEN OF ATHEN'S CITIZENS WERE FORCED INTO THIS MAZE AS SACRIFICES TO MEET THEIR DOOM AS PREY FOR THIS BEAST, UNTIL GREEK CHAMPION, **THESEUS** DARED PIT WIT AND SWORD AGAINST MAZE AND MONSTER!

EERIE

JULY 1969
NO. 22

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN

EDITOR: BILL PARENTE

COVER: VIC PREZIO

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: GRAY MORROW, AL WILLIAMSON, ROY KRENKEL, TONY WILLIAMS, TOM SUTTON, ERNIE COLON, STEVE DITKO,

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: ARCHIE GOODWIN, BILL PARENTE, LARRY IVIE, T. CASEY BRENNAN

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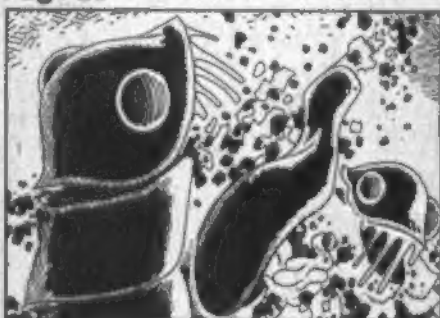
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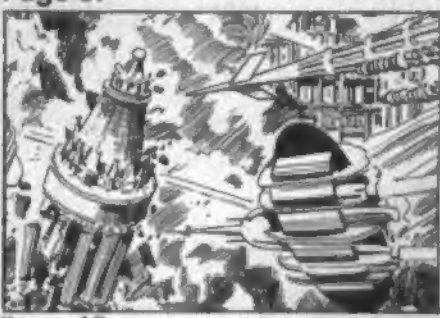
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DEAR COUSIN EERIE



Your March issue #20 was terrific! Let's take the major ingredients step by step. COVER: surprisingly, very good! Mr. Harris did a wonderful job. LETTERS: I have one suggestion, expand it to TWO pages, even if it means forfeiting a page of your other stories. ROUND TRIP: Good art, plot a little thin. A CLOAK OF DARKNESS Terrific artwork, good plot. EERIE FAN FARE: Nice drawings, cool stories. CAVE OF THE DRUIDS: Reprint, but it still carried the same impact as the first time I read it. Reed Crandall and Archie Goodwin, who else could ask for more? THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER: Unquestionably the best of this issue. Tom Sutton did a beautiful job on this eleven pager. DARK RIDER: Terrific John Severin took time out from CRACKED Magazine to draw a story for you, eh? Well, he's an extraordinary artist. Next ish let him draw a horror story about Sylvester P. Smyth. He'll know what I'm talking about.

DAN WILDER
Jupiter, Florida

YEAH WILY WILDER... BUT I DON'T! QUIT UNCORKING MY CURIOSITY IF YOU CAN'T CONFIRM YOUR CRAWLING SCRAWLING! I HEAR ENOUGH BEFUDDLING MUDDLING FROM THESE EARTH-MIRTH MANIACS HERE IN FEAR CITY, WITHOUT LISTENING TO ANY GRUMBING MUMBLING FROM... JUPITER!

EERIE #20 was the first issue I've got since #9 and I'd have to say it was much better. By far, the best story was CLOAK OF DARKNESS. The Crandall artwork was just superb! I was hoping to see artists Dan Adkin and Steve Ditko this issue but missed out I guess. THE

CAVE OF THE DRUIDS came second this issue, also drawn by Reed Crandall, but it was a reprint from #6. THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER rated third in my book, adapted by Tom Sutton and DARK RIDER with Severin's art scored a roaring four. The end to that tale was somewhat of a shock. Last was ROUND TRIP, Williamsune's art was mediocre and the story was very hard to follow.

EDWARD KENDRICK
Cazenovia, New York

WELL, WHAT THE HAIL... ED OLD DREAD, NEXT TIME GRAB A CAB LIKE OUR HALLUCINATED HACKY DID AND YOU WON'T GET LOST IN THE SHROWD!

EERIE #20 was undoubtedly your best issue since your early days. It completely reinstated my faith in your magazines (which I never fully lost). And this issue, everything with the exception of two stories, was NEW! To start off, the cover was one of the most atmospheric since Frazetta... kudos to H. B. Harris. ROUND TRIP proved once and for all that Bill Parents is a darn good writer. The art by Tony Williamsune was pretty good too. Then of course we had two reprints, CAVE OF DRUIDS and DARK RIDER, but for once they were really worth reprinting. However, the two best stories in the issue were, CLOAK OF DARKNESS and FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER. The former tale was fairly well-written but it was the art by the great Mr. Reed Crandall that made this into what it was (which was fabulous)! A close runner up though, is Tom Sutton, whose adaptation of Poe's tale was simply grand both in illustration and in text. It was certainly the most faithful and well-done adaption of the classic story that any other I have ever seen... sheer unchanged POE. Sutton is a fabulous artist and it seems he is at his best when he is doing Poe, for his MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH was second only to this latest story. At any rate, both CREEPY and EERIE are improving all the time due to the fact that you are getting more good material. If your magazine stays as good as it is now, I, for one, will be well satisfied. BRUCE HALLENBECK JR.
Valatie, New York

SPRUCE UP, BRUCE... YOUR GLIB AD LIB REALLY KEEPS YOUR CUZZIN BUZZIN'! NOW THAT YOU'VE NOTICED STRUTTIN' SUTTON IS A GLUTTON WHEN IT COMES TO CLASSICAL CONFECTIONARY, YOUR GLIMMERS WILL SHIMMER WHEN YOU SEE HIS NEXT ANTIQUE, BLEAK-REEK!

Your EERIE#20 was a pretty good issue. ROUND TRIP didn't make it but A CLOAK OF DARKNESS was extremely good. That Bill Parente can write when he wants to. Reed Crandall is a great artist and the plot was excellent. CAVE OF THE DRUIDS was a good reprint and THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER was a masterpiece. Sutton's artwork, very good! However I prefer new stories. DARK RIDER: fair, but it didn't scare me enough.

NEIL McCLEAN
Birchrunville, P.A.

THANKS FOR THE FRANK RANKING McCLEAN...YOU'VE LEFT ME ABSOLUTELY... SPARKLING!!!

I have just finished reading issue #20 and with the exception of the first story, it was fabulous! I'll be frank, the art was lousy and the script itself was inexcusable. Would you mind explaining the end? It left me hanging by a rope. Would you mind explaining the title ROUND TRIP? A CLOAK OF DARKNESS was a scaryfying handout of horrific terror. The art was fine. THE CAVE OF THE DRUIDS although a reprint, was still one of the best stories ever written. Poe's morbid masterpiece, FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER was the best story in the book. I liked the story illustrated much more than when I read it from a collection of his tales! DARK RIDER was the kind of story we monsters enjoy reading. Have more stories written like that one. In closing, I'd like to commend you on your cover.

JACK AGUGLIARO
Niagara Falls, New York

OH MY ACHING BACK, JACK... ALL THAT EXPLAINING IS GOING TO DRAIN MY BRAIN BUDDY! I THINK WHEN YOU TRIED TO BE FRANK, YOU MESSED UP FELLA... MAYBE YOU SHOULD'VE REMAINED A JACK. THAT I CAN UNDERSTAND! BY THE WAY, IN CASE YOU WANT ANOTHER RIDE THROUGH MY RANCHERY, NEXT MONTH... I PROMISE YOU SOME COOL, CRUEL FUEL TO FILL YOUR OLD RANK TANK WITH. BUT ONLY IF YOU PROMISE TO STRAIGHTEN OUT!

Just put down issue #20. Your artists, Williamsune and Crandall are above par. ROUND TRIP was simple but suspenseful. A CLOAK OF DARKNESS was simply great! Congratulations! The plots of the stories were wonderful, both very enjoyable. THE CAVE OF THE DRUIDS was okay and THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER rated the best story in this issue. After seeing the movie on T.V., it had a different ending. In the movie, the

house was blown off the face of the earth by a hurricane. DARK RIDER was like picking bats out of a barrel. That ding-a-ling Richard, should have known better than to stand under a snow covered mountain and make noise.

STEVE FINCHER,
LaGrange, Georgia

WELL... AT LEAST NOW, HE'S COVERED IN CASE OF AN ACCIDENT! SERVES THE FLINCHER RIGHT... AYE FINCHER!

I think your magazines do the greatest job of presenting horror at it's best. Your competitors have stories which lack in mood setting, irony and don't even respect the intelligence of the reader. In fact, some of the covers are sickening; the art is terrible. My conclusion is, that your competitors only produce mags which are a foil to yours. I think your most important attribute is good, mood setting which catches the reader's attention immediately. The only time I read your magazines is at night since that's when I enjoy them to their fullest. I like your letters page too. It's a good editor-reader communication. However I wish readers wouldn't criticize you on some of the petty mistakes you make. After all, you're only human (ED: Boy have YOU got a surprise coming John old man!) and nobody's perfect. I think some of your readers are good, sophisticated writers. I don't care too much about the art or the stories knowing how great they will be even before an issue reaches me. Only thing, don't black border the covers. I think it looks neat without them. Of course, there are other opinions. One more thing: In your letters page, I see something done which I rarely see in other mags, including comic books. You print a variety of letters, with pro and cons. For instance, one reader said about the cover of EERIE #18 that it was misleading since it had stated there were six stories inside. It turned out there were seven. On the other hand, another fan thought it was a great surprise and a good idea to include another story. What I'm trying to say is just that EERIE is a great mag, whatever the opinions may be, I'm for it!

JOHN BAUMAN
Northridge, Calif.

THAT'S REALLY TURNING ME ON, JOHN... SIGH... YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH!

Want to write us?
Address your poison pen letters to:
EERIE LETTERS,
22 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10017



HEH, HEH, WELCOME, DEAR READER... ALL READY TO GO FOR A LITTLE DIP... LOOK OUT, THOUGH, FOR NO ONE KNOWS WHAT LURKS BENEATH THE...

H₂O WORLD!

THE STORY IS TRUE. THE REFLECTIONS ON THE WATER AROUND THIS AREA *ARE* MADE BY THE DOMES OF AN UNDERWATER CITY.

ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT FAR DOWN, THE DOMES SEEM TO BE MADE OF PURE DIAMOND; AND THE REFLECTIONS MAKE THE CITY COMPLETELY INVISIBLE FROM THE SURFACE.

WE CAN ANCHOR THE BOAT TO THE NEAREST DOME, AND BOTH EXPLORE. C'MON! AND DON'T FORGET YOUR "INTERCOM" SET, SO WE WON'T HAVE TO USE SIGN LANGUAGE!

WILLIAMSON
KRENKEL

STORY BY LARRY IVIE/ART BY AL WILLIAMSON AND ROY KRENKEL



HAVING SECURED THE BOAT TO ONE OF THE BUILDINGS, THE TWO EXPLORERS DESCEND TO THE BOTTOM LEVEL OF THE FIRST BUILDING.



THE CITY SEEMS TO BE RESTING ON TOP OF AN UNDERWATER MOUNTAIN.

THIS IS FANTASTIC! WHEN DO YOU SUPPOSE THE WATER COULD HAVE COVERED THIS CITY?



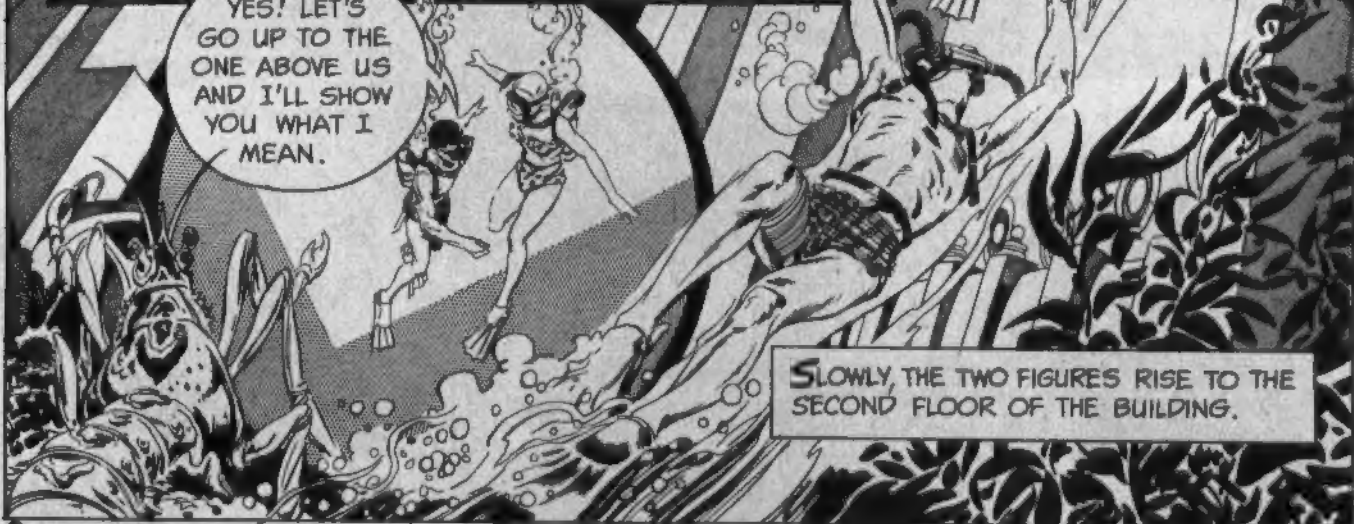
I...I'M NOT SO CERTAIN IT DID!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

DON'T YOU NOTICE SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THE ARCHITECTURE OF THESE STRUCTURES?

YOU MEAN THE TERRACES ON THE UPPER LEVELS?

YES! LET'S GO UP TO THE ONE ABOVE US AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN.



SLOWLY, THE TWO FIGURES RISE TO THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE BUILDING.



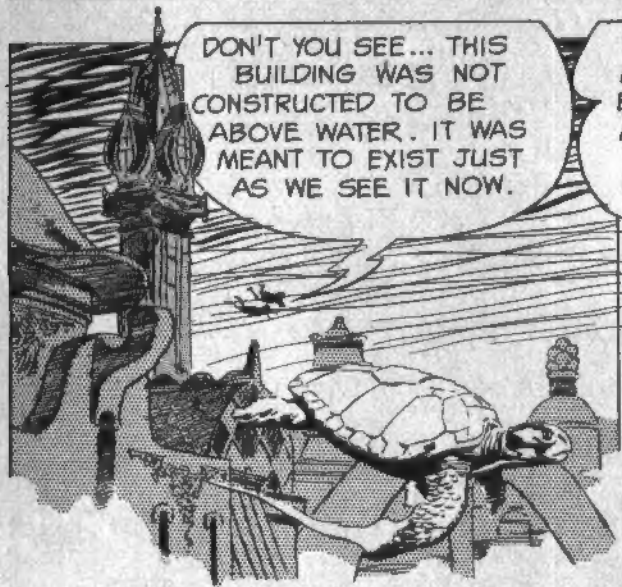
IT'S UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE.

NOW ENVISION THIS BUILDING ON TOP OF A HILL IN A NORMAL CITY. IMAGINE IT AS AN APARTMENT OR OFFICE BUILDING. WHAT WOULD BE WRONG?



WELL, FOR ONE THING, IT WOULD BE AWFULLY DANGEROUS NOT TO HAVE A RAILING AROUND THE TERRACE FOR SOMETHING THIS HIGH ABOVE GROUND...!

EXACTLY!



DON'T YOU SEE... THIS BUILDING WAS NOT CONSTRUCTED TO BE ABOVE WATER. IT WAS MEANT TO EXIST JUST AS WE SEE IT NOW.



YOU MEAN THERE MIGHT HAVE ONCE BEEN PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY LIVED PERMANENTLY UNDERWATER?

NOT ONLY *MIGHT* HAVE BEEN... WE'VE NO PROOF AS YET THAT THEY DON'T *STILL* LIVE HERE.



BUT SO FAR THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE!

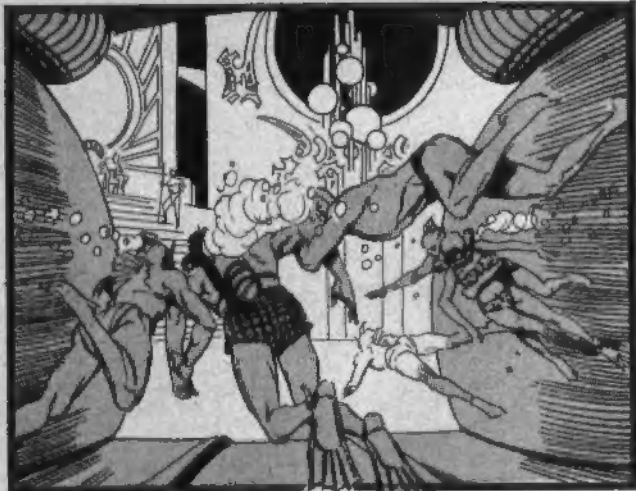
JUST THE SAME, FROM HERE ON, I THINK WE'D BETTER PROCEED WITH CAUTION.



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT; ALTHOUGH I CAN'T REALLY HAVE ANY FEELING OTHER THAN THAT THIS IS SOME REMNANT OF A CIVILIZATION THAT'S BEEN EXTINCT FOR CENTURIES.

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT; BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE MY KNIFE READY JUST IN CASE!

THE GLINT OF STEEL HAS A CHANCE TO REFLECT THE SUNLIGHT FROM ABOVE FOR ONLY A MOMENT. THEN, SUDDENLY, A DOZEN SCALY ARMS REACH OUT OF THE SHADOWS.



SWIFTLY, SILENTLY, THE TWO SURFACE PEOPLE ARE CARRIED INTO THE WEIRD STRUCTURE; AND THROUGH NUMEROUS INTRICATE PASSAGeways.

SO TWO MORE OF THE SURFACE DWELLERS HAVE ENTERED OUR DOMAIN. IT HAS BEEN LONG SINCE THE LAST ONES WERE HERE. IS THE LANGUAGE THAT WE LEARNED FROM THEM STILL FAMILIAR TO YOU?



YES, WE CAN HEAR YOU, SOMEHOW, AND UNDERSTAND YOU. BUT... HOW LONG HAVE YOUR PEOPLE BEEN LIVING HERE; AND WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING WITH US?

WE REALIZE THAT YOU MUST SOON RETURN TO YOUR OWN WORLD FOR AIR... THAT YOU ARE NOT FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO REMAIN AMONG US. I'M AFRAID MY PEOPLE WERE A BIT IMPETUOUS. AS SOON AS THEY SAW YOUR KNIFE, THEY THOUGHT IT BEST TO DISARM YOU. WE MADE A RULING AGAINST HAVING WEAPONS IN THIS CIVILIZATION MANY YEARS AGO... RELYING TOTALLY UPON OUR CAMOUFLAGING DOMES TO REMAIN HIDDEN TO THE UPPER WORLD. WE ARE IN REALITY A PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE AND HAVE NO DESIRE TO BRING YOU HARM.



BUT FOR OUR OWN PROTECTION, YOU WILL NO LONGER POSSESS MEMORY OF YOUR VISIT TO US. YOU WILL TAKE BACK WITH YOU A LARGE CONTAINER OF SMALL, POISONOUS, SILVER FISH, AND TELL EVERYONE THAT IT IS A LARGE SCHOOL OF SIMILAR SPECIMENS WHICH CREATE THE REFLECTIONS SEEN FROM ABOVE.

BUT THAT IS UNNECESSARY. THE PEOPLE OF OUR WORLD WILL BE FRIENDLY.

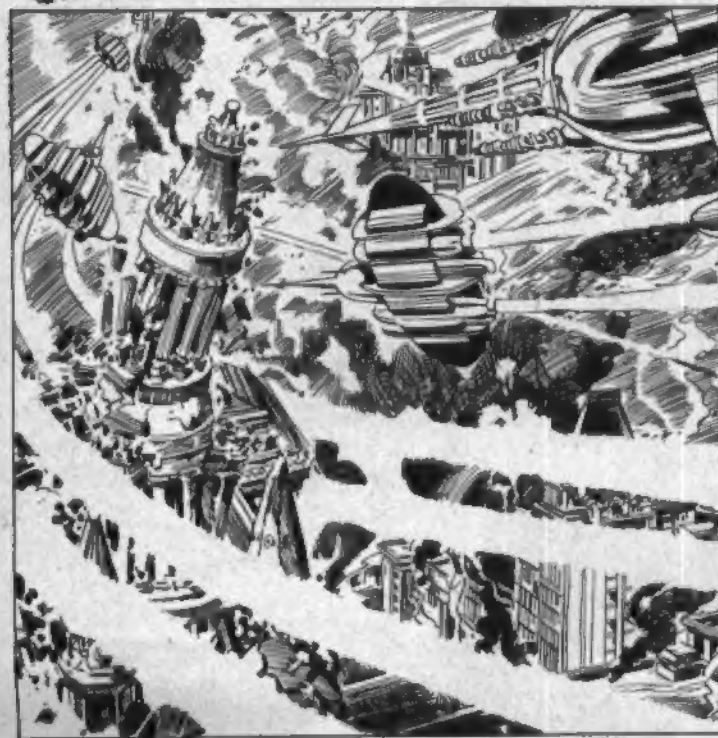
WE HAVE MADE GREAT STRIDES SINCE WORLD WAR THREE IN DEVELOPING UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT RACES.

I FEAR *OUR* RACES WOULD FIND LITTLE ACCEPTANCE EVEN IN THE MOST ADVANCED OF YOUR SOCIETIES. THEY WOULD WANT TO DESTROY US IMMEDIATELY.

GUARDS, TAKE WORD TO THE SENATE MEMBERS THAT I WISH TO SEE THEM AT ONCE.



OUR ANCESTORS HAD A WORLD WAR THREE ALSO. THEY WERE LIVING ON LAND AT THAT TIME. THEY HAD DISCOVERED NUCLEAR WEAPONS A LITTLE BIT EARLIER -- DURING THE COURSE OF THE *SECOND* GREAT WAR. AFTER THE THIRD WAR, VERY LITTLE REMAINED OF MANKIND AS IT HAD BEEN KNOWN.



SOME OF THE NEW BABIES BORN AFTER THE THE THIRD WAR REMAINED NORMAL... BUT NOT MANY. MOST WERE TOO DEFORMED TO SURVIVE. A NUMBER OF NEW FORMS, HOWEVER, WERE BOTH INTELLECTUALLY ADVANCED AND FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO SURVIVE UNDERWATER. HERE, THEY GREW INTO A CIVILIZATION ISOLATED FROM FURTHER SURFACE WARS. BUT NOT ALL OF THE NEW LIFE FORMS WERE AS CLOSE TO THE HUMAN FORM OF OUR ANCESTORS AS MYSELF.



SLOWLY, THE DOOR AT THE FAR END OF THE CHAMBER OPENS. A DOZEN SHADOWY FORMS SLITHER FORWARD.

MOST OF US EVOLVED INTO **DIFFERENT** FORMS... FORMS SIMILAR TO THOSE... POSSESSED BY OUR **SENATE** MEMBERS.



YOU SENT FOR US, EXCELLENCY?

THE SURFACE PEOPLE HAVE FAINTED, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

IT IS JUST AS WELL. WHEN THEY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS IN THEIR BOAT, THEY WILL HAVE NO MEMORY OF US, AND WE WILL BE SAFE UNTIL THE NEXT GREAT WAR, WHICH WILL SURELY POISON THE WATERS AS WELL AS THE LAND.



EEEEEE



BUT PERHAPS, AFTER THAT WAR, THERE WILL EVOLVE NEW FORMS, AS DID WE, WHICH CAN LIVE IN PEACE, AWAY FROM MAN'S WARS, SOMEWHERE ELSE... UNTIL THE NEXT CYCLE, WHEN MAN DESTROYS **EVERYTHING!**

YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY, QUITE SO, QUITE SO. SO ANYWAY, MY LITTLE FIENDS, LET'S GET BACK TO DRY LAND, FOR COUSIN EERIE HAS ANOTHER GOODY FOR YOU ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE....
HEH HEH, HEH...



The End

YOU THINK YOU HAVE TROUBLE WITH **YOUR** IN-LAWS! BE GLAD YOU'RE NOT ANTON CARLSON AS HE UNCOVERS A

FAMILY CURSE

I HAD TO RETURN TO MY HOMELAND-TO SEE IF THOSE LEGENDS WERE REALLY TRUE!

BRRRR! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE SHIVERS! I WISH I'D NEVER LET YOU TALK ME INTO COMING HERE FOR OUR HONEYMOON! BORAK CASTLE DOESN'T LOOK VERY LIVABLE!

BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, ANTON DARLING! I **HAD** TO!

THERE, THERE, EVA, MY LOVE! I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND THOSE STORIES WERE ONLY NONSENSE!

I PRAY THEY WERE!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE - KNOWING NOTHING ABOUT YOUR ANCESTRY- ONLY THOSE AWFUL RUMORS! LEGENDS OF THE BORAK MONSTERS!

I HAVE ONLY VAGUE MEMORIES OF THIS PLACE! THEY SAY MY PARENTS WERE KILLED DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR, WHEN I WAS ONLY A SMALL CHILD...

I WAS ADOPTED BY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER AND LATER TAKEN TO AMERICA. BUT ALL I EVER LEARNED ABOUT MY PARENTS WERE THEIR NAMES...

PEOPLE SAY THEY WERE MONSTERS! BUT I'LL LEARN THE TRUTH IF I HAVE TO TEAR THIS CASTLE APART BRICK BY BRICK.

ANTON IS ASLEEP NOW; THIS IS A GOOD CHANCE FOR ME TO BROWSE IN THE CASTLE LIBRARY! I HATE TO UPSET HIM THE WAY I DID TODAY!

THAT NIGHT...



PERHAPS THESE WILL HELP- OH! WHAT'S THIS? THERE'S A SECRET COMPARTMENT BEHIND THESE BOOKS!

THERE'S SOMETHING
IN THERE! IT FEELS
LIKE A BOOK!



REMOVING
THE BOOK AND
EXAMINING IT, SHE
FINDS ...

WHY, IT'S A DIARY! THE DIARY OF
JANUS BORDMAN-FAMILY SERVANT
OF-THE BORAK FAMILY! IT TELLS
OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER-
COUNT JOSEP BORAK AND HIS
WIFE STELLA!

"ALTHOUGH I, JANUS BORDMAN,
TAKE MY LIFE IN MY HANDS IN RE-
CORDING THIS DIARY, I FEEL THAT
SOME RECORD MUST BE MADE OF THE
HORROR OF THE BORAK FAMILY! BE-
FORE I BEGIN, SHOULD THIS DIARY
EVER BE UNCOVERED BY MY
MASTERS, I MUST MAKE IT
UNDERSTOOD THAT MY BELOVED
WIFE LORNA, ALSO SERVANT TO

THE BORAKS,
HAD NO HAND
IN THIS..."

WITH
HORROR,
EVA BEGINS
TO READ THE
DIARY OF THE BORAK
FAMILY SERVANT...

"IT
MUST BE
KNOWN THAT
COUNT JOSEP
BORAK WAS ONLY ONE OF
MANY OF THE BORAK FAMILY
AFFLICTED WITH THE MALADY
OF LYCANTHROPY-THAT IS,
HE WAS A WEREWOLF!"



SUDDENLY,
THE DOOR
CREAKS ...

"THE
BRIDES OF THE BORAKS
WERE ALWAYS CHOSEN FOR THEIR
MONSTROUS DEVIATIONS! THE BORAKS ENJOYED
LYCANTHROPY, VAMPIRISM, AND OTHER FORMS OF
INSANITY, AND SOUGHT TO KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY!
COUNT BORAKS' WIFE STELLA WAS CHOSEN FOR HER
BLOOD THIRST!"



OH! WHAT'S THAT?!
WHO'S THERE?!





WHY, IT'S AN
OLD LADY!

THE OLD LADY CROSSES HER LIPS, AND
GESTURES, AND EVA REALIZES THAT SHE
CANNOT SPEAK...

ARE...ARE YOU
GIVING ME THIS..?

SUDDENLY, AT THE SIGHT OF THE DIARY, THE OLD
LADY REELS BACK IN HORROR.

WHAT'S
WRONG?

SUDDENLY,
SHE LUNGES FOR
THE DIARY...

WHAT?!
HERE, GIVE ME
THAT!

SHE GESTURES
FRANTICALLY...

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING
TO TELL ME, OLD WOMAN?

SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?!

SHE MEANS NO HARM, DEAR!
SHE'S BROUGHT ME SOME BREAD,
AND FRUIT! SHE CAN'T SPEAK.
I--I THINK SHE'S TRYING
TO BE FRIENDLY!

AT THIS HOUR
OF THE NIGHT?!

THE OLD LADY QUICKLY LEAVES, AND ANTON
AND EVA ARE LEFT TO THEIR THOUGHTS...

I MUST HIDE THIS BOOK!
HE MUST NEVER KNOW OF
THIS HORROR. AND MAY
HEAVEN HELP US
BOTH!

SOMETHING STRANGE
IS GOING ON! EVA
READING BY CANDLE-
LIGHT IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE NIGHT, THEN
THIS OLD LADY COMING
... HMMM!

SHE'S
SLEEPWALKING!

EVA!

NO-OOO!
NO-OOO!

LATER THAT
NIGHT...

IF ONLY I KNEW
WHAT UPSET HER TONIGHT!

COME, IT'S
ALL RIGHT,
NOW

WHAT?!
OH-H-H!

SOMETHING IS WRONG! I
THINK THAT OLD LADY HAD
SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT
-I'D BETTER DO A LITTLE
CHECKING TOMORROW,
AND FIND OUT WHO SHE
IS!

NEXT MORNING...



I HATED TO LEAVE EVA ALONE, BUT I'LL ONLY BE GONE A LITTLE WHILE. BUT SOMETHING UPSET EVA LAST NIGHT, AND I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT OLD LADY CAN FILL ME IN ON A LOT OF FACTS...

SOON, AS ANTON QUESTIONS THE VILLAGERS...



OH, YES, SIR! THE OLD MUTE LADY IS ELENA BORDMAN! NOT ALTOGETHER SANE, BUT COMPLETELY HARMLESS! I CANNOT TELL YOU WHERE SHE LIVES...

ELENA BORDMAN? SHE IS A SCRUBBING WOMAN FOR A FAMILY THAT LIVES NOT FAR FROM HERE...



SOON...

AT LAST I'VE FOUND YOU!



ANTON EXPLAINS HIS PREDICAMENT, IN PART TO THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE...



SO YOU SEE, I MUST SPEAK WITH ELENA, SOMEHOW! HMMM! SHE CAN ONLY SPEAK SIGN LANGUAGE, BUT I WILL INTERPRET IT FOR YOU!

MEANWHILE, EVA HAS CONTINUED HER READING OF THE DIARY...



I CAN'T GO ON! I CAN'T STAND TO READ ANY MORE OF THIS!

I KNOW NOW MY BLOOD IS EVIL! BEFORE I HURT ANTON, I MUST DESTROY MYSELF!



I COULD NEVER BEAR
CHILDREN FOR ANTON KNOW-
ING THEY MIGHT BE
VAMPIRES...OR WEREWOLVES!

I'D NEVER KNOW
WHEN THAT MALADY
MIGHT STRIKE EVEN
ME!

ANTON WILL RETURN AND
FIND THE CASTLE IN ASHES
...HE'LL THINK IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT...NEVER
KNOWING.

GOODBYE,
ANTON ^{GOOD}
GOODBYE!



UNKNOWN TO EVA...HER HUSBAND EVEN NOW WAS LEARNING THE TRUTH ABOUT HER! THE OLD WOMAN, UNABLE TO SPEAK TO HIM...HAD AT LAST FOUND VOICE IN THE WORDS OF THE HOUSE MASTER.

WOULD IT MATTER TO ANTON NOW THAT HE KNEW...WOULD IT MATTER TO EVA...

WHAT EVA MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH ALL THIS TIME, AFRAID TO TELL ME THE TRUTH.

THE CASTLE... EVA... OH NO...

THINKING HERSELF A MONSTER, EVA HAD DESTROYED THE CURSE OF THE BORAKS, IN THE FLAMING INFERNO OF THEIR ANCIENT CASTLE!

SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF COUNT BORAK... THEIR BLOOD ENJOINED BY HERITAGE... SHE HAD BEEN **WRONG!**

YOU WERE BORMAN'S DAUGHTER EVA... THAT OLD WOMAN WAS YOUR GRAND-MOTHER... THAT'S WHAT SHE WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU!

TSK...TSK... **SMOKING** AT HER AGE! I'LL BET ANTON DIDN'T FIGURE HIS HONEYMOON WOULD BE **THAT** HOT. AND POOR EVA... JUST MARRIED AND ALREADY SHE'S BEEN... **FIRE!** COUGH....!

END



AH, NOW, **FRIGHT FANS**, WHAT DOES OUR HORRORSCOPE SHOW IN STORE FOR US?... A VISIT TO RENAISSANCE ITALY, SCENE OF MANY TERRIFYING TRANSACTIONS, WHERE A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN IS ABOUT TO DISCOVER THAT WHEN MAKING SATANIC PACTS, OFTEN THERE'S...

THE DEVIL TO PAY!

POWER, LIKE EXOTIC FOOD, IS AN ACQUIRED TASTE. A TASTE WHICH WHEN NURTURED, EASILY BECOMES AN OBSESSION... FOR LUGERIO, DUKE OF CORONA, THE POWER INHERENT IN HIS POSITION HAD LONG NURTURED A CRAVING FAR BEYOND THE FULFILLMENT A SMALL DUCHY PROVIDES...

WHY SHOULD I SETTLE FOR THE SHABBY CONFINES OF MY OWN DUKEDOM? I SHOULD RULE MORE... MUCH MORE... **AND I CAN!** IF MY ARMY'S TOO SMALL TO GAIN IT FOR ME, THERE ARE **OTHER** WAYS... DARKER WAYS...



A MAN OBSESSED IS A MAN WHO RISKS EVERYTHING... AND WITHIN THE DARKENED BOWELS OF HIS CASTLE, AFTER YEARS OF STUDY AND PRACTICE IN THE BLACK ARTS, LUGERIO WAS PREPARING TO DO JUST THAT...

NOW I CALL YOU FORTH... GREAT BEELZEBUB, RULER OF HADES, LORD OF THE FLIES! HEED MY SUMMONS, HEAR MY PLEASE... A FOLLOWER COMES TO BARGAIN!



AND OUT OF A WHIRL OF SULPHUROUS
CLOUDS AND SMOKE

A DEMON, A FAMILIAR BUT I CALLED
SATAN HIMSELF! I DESIRE A PACT,

IMPUDENT MORTAL! THINK THE MASTER HAS TIME FOR SUCH AS YOU
WITH AN ENTIRE WORLD TO BE TEMPTED? HE! BUSY ELSEWHERE...
I'M NUBERUS, HIS SERVANT YOU'LL DEAL WITH ME!

I WANT **POWER**..
POSITION - I'LL
TRADE MY SOUL
FOR IT!

YOUR SOUL? YOU DARE
TRY TO BARGAIN WITH **THAT!**
WE GAINED THE RIGHT TO YOUR
CORRUPT SOUL **YEARS** AGO

SOUTH PLE
HUMAN, ONCE! TO LEAD
A LIFE OF EVIL AND SUPPOSE YOUR
SOUL WAS STILL YOURS TO OFFER US! YOU
WASTE MY TIME!

B-BUT

NOW, I'LL OFFER YOU A PACT. YOU'RE SCHEDULED
TO DIE A YEAR FROM NOW
ONE OF YOUR SUBJECTS WILL
POISON YOU! I'LL GIVE YOU
A CHANCE TO AVOID
THAT FATE.

! THAT SOON IT
SN'T ENOUGH TIME!
THERE'S SO MUCH I
WANTED TO DO... WHAT
ARE THE TERMS? WHAT
DO YOU WANT OF ME?

IN 24 HOURS YOU MUST GET ANOTHER
MORTAL TO VOLUNTEER TO TAKE YOUR PLACE
OR ELSE I **CLAIM** YOUR SOUL THEN RATHER THAN
A YEAR LATER... SAVES ME A LOT OF TIME
AND BOTHER!

HOW DO YOU
GO ABOUT
C-CLAIMING A
SOUL?



IMMEDIATELY, LUGERIO MADE HASTE TO ASSURE THE BARGAIN WOULD NOT GO AGAINST HIM...



Hour by hour, time slid steadily and irrevocably by.

I'M GETTING **NOWHERE!** EVERY FOOL IN THE DUCHY'S AGAINST ME! ALREADY IT GROWS DARK...



AAAGH! WHERE ARE MY SENSES! TO HAVE SQUANDERED SO MANY PRECIOUS HOURS IN PANIC... THE ANSWER IS IN MY OWN POWERS AND ABILITIES... **OF COURSE!**



NUBERUS COULD NOT HAVE RECKONED WITH MY OWN MASTERY OF THE BLACK ARTS...

AN! HERE IT IS!



... A POTION TO BRING THE WILL OF OTHERS UNDER YOUR OWN! NOW FOR MY VOLUNTEER...



ASSUMING A DISGUISE TO ESCAPE THE NOTICE OF HIS ALREADY ALARMED SUBJECTS, LUGERIO MOVED FORTH, CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS...

WILL NO ONE SHARE THE WARMTH OF MY WINE ON SUCH A CHILL NIGHT AS THIS?

YOU'VE A GENEROUS HEART, FRIAR... I'LL JOIN YOU!





I ALWAYS WELCOME FINE
COMPANY AND
CONVERSATION...

THEN DRINK IN GOOD
HEALTH, STRANGER!

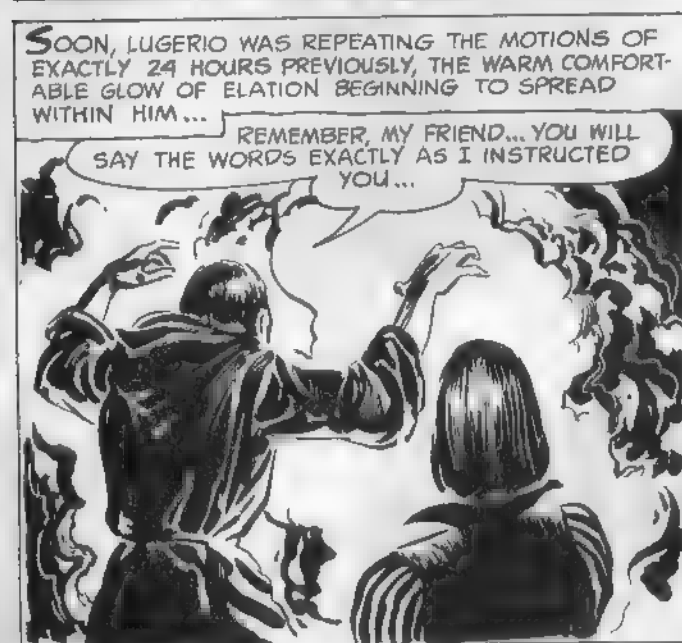


YES... DRINK, YOU
FOOL, **DRINK!**



IT'S DONE! HURRY, MY FRIEND, WE'VE A
LATE APPOINTMENT... WHATEVER I SAY,
YOU'LL DO! NOW... MOVE!

WHATEVER... YOU
SAY... I DO...



**SOON, LUGERIO WAS REPEATING THE MOTIONS OF
EXACTLY 24 HOURS PREVIOUSLY, THE WARM COMFORT-
ABLE GLOW OF ELATION BEGINNING TO SPREAD
WITHIN HIM...**

REMEMBER, MY FRIEND... YOU WILL
SAY THE WORDS EXACTLY AS I INSTRUCTED
YOU...



THE TIME IS UP, LUGERIO... THE
HOUR OF RECKONING IS
AT HAND!

NOT FOR ME...
BUT **THIS ONE!**

I VOLUNTEER... TO TAKE THE PLACE... OF DUKE LUGERIO!

H-HE'S BEEN GIVEN A POTION!



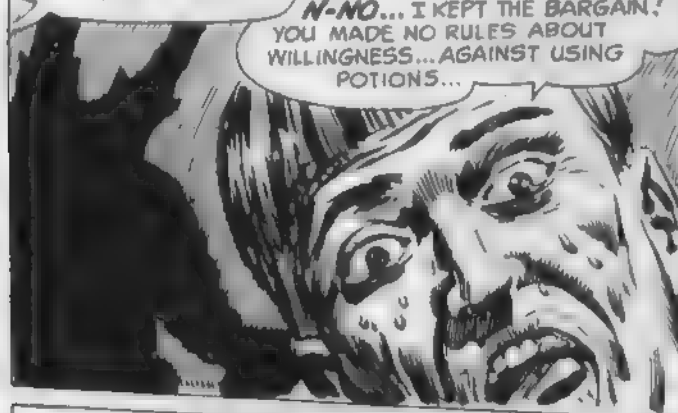
YES, NUBERUS, A POTION! YOU NEVER RULED THAT I COULDN'T! HERE'S YOUR VOLUNTEER... RIP HIM TO PIECES, REMOVE HIS SOUL...

YOU FOOL... YOU HAPLESS FOOL...



IT'S YOU WHO'LL DIE TONIGHT, LUGERIO... YOU WHOSE SOUL WILL BE TORN OUT... YOU WHO BEGIN AN ETERNITY OF HORROR A YEAR BEFORE YOUR TIME...

N-NO... I KEPT THE BARGAIN! YOU MADE NO RULES ABOUT WILLINGNESS... AGAINST USING POTIONS...



YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT THAT'S NOT WHY YOU LOSE... LOOK CLOSELY, PETTY KNAVE! OF ALL THE WANDERING STRANGERS ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH...

THE P-POTION'S WEARING OFF!



THE EYES OF LUGERIO'S VICTIM GREW CLEAR AND DARK WITH RAGE, THE LONG LONG LEAN FACE BEGAN TO MELT AND ALTER INTO SOMETHING BOTH FAMILIAR AND FEARFUL...

GO SLOWLY WITH HIM, NUBERUS...

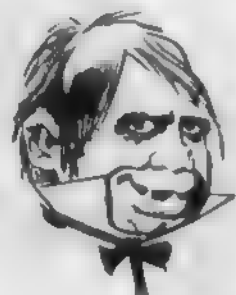
I WANT HIM TO SUFFER FOR INTERFERING WITH MY ROUNDS!

...DID YOU HAVE TO PICK OUT SATAN HIMSELF!

EEEEEEF-YAHNNHH!!



HHMMMM... MAYBE LUGERIO SHOULD'VE SERVED A BETTER BRAND OF WINE, OR PERHAPS DEMON RUM! EITHER WAY I GUESS HE'D STILL WIND UP RAISING THE DEVIL!



PROLOGUE

TOBEY HAD NEVER JOINED A GANG BEFORE. HE WAS SURPRISED THAT HAROLD HAD ASKED HIM.



HE DIDN'T THINK THEY'D LET HIM, KEVIN WASN'T EVEN TEN YET BUT THEY'D ALL AGREED TO IT.

AFTER ALL, JESS AND DOMINICK HAD HELPED HAROLD BUILD THE CLUBHOUSE, NOT HIM, WHEN THEY'D ASKED HIM TO BECOME A MEMBER, KEVIN HAD INSISTED HE BE ALLOWED TO. KEVIN WAS TOBEY'S YOUNGER BROTHER.



NOW TOBEY HOPED HIS BROTHER WOULDN'T RUIN EVERYTHING BY NOT GOING THROUGH WITH THE INITIATION.



HE'D FIND OUT TONIGHT WHEN THEY ALL MET AT THE CLUBHOUSE,



SHE'D ONLY WORRY, IF SHE KNEW, KEV... KNOW WHAT I MEAN?





You want those leers to turn into sneers... **FEAR PEERS**, then this little tidbit of grit will ought to convince you to join the hubbub here in the club. Maybe you'll like what you see and feel like becoming...

PERMANENT MEMBERS!

HAROLD'S HAND TREMBLED AS HE STRETCHED TO IGNITE THE CANDLES AROUND THE TABLE. IN THE FAINT FLICKER OF MATCHLIGHT, EVERYTHING LOOKED SO GROTESQUE, ANOTHER TRICK TO FRIGHTEN TOBY AND HIS BROTHER!



TOBY SHIVERED SLIGHTLY AS THE CRISP AIR SPILLED THROUGH THE CARDBOARD COVERED WINDOW. RIGHT NOW HE WAS KIND OF HAPPY TO HAVE A BROTHER.

KEVIN ONLY SNICKERED WITH THE OTHERS, HE WAS TOO YOUNG TO CARE. **OLD STONE CHURCH...** TOBY SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THEY'D PICK THE CEMETERY!



BETTER TAKE THIS ALONG TOBY, IT'S PRETTY DARK, MEET YOU BACK AT THE SHACK IN AN HOUR... OKAY?

OKAY, YOU READY, KEVIN?

UH HUM,

FIVE PAIRS OF EYES COULD DO NO MORE THAN BULGE IN WONDER ... SURVEYING THE AGE BENT CHURCH THAT STOOD WITHIN THE MUTED SHADOWS.

HOPE YOU GUYS ENJOY YOURSELVES

BOY, THIS IS SPOOKY FUN!

HERE WE ARE!

REMEMBER TOBY, IF YOU AND KEVIN CHICKEN OUT, YOU'RE OUT OF THE CLUB!

GOOD LUCK FELLAS, DON'T LET ANY GHOSTS GET YA ... HA, HA, HA!

TOBY'S FINGERS FUMBLLED FOR THE WRINKLED MESSAGE JESS HAD STUFFED INTO HIS ROCKET FINALLY HE FELT HIS HAND SURROUND THE CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER.

FIRST GO TO THE WEST SECTION OF THE GRAVE-YARD IT BEGAN, DIRECTING TOBY TO THE FIFTH ROW OF MARKERS...AND FINALLY TO THE FIFTH TOMBSTONE.

THIS SURE IS SPOOKY, HUH TOBY... ISN'T IT?

SURE KEV, NOW HOLD THIS FLASH-LIGHT FOR ME, WILL YOU

THEN WE MARK DOWN THE NAME AND DATE OF WHO'S BURIED THERE,

HOW COME TOBE... WHAT DO WE HAVE TO DO THAT FOR?

THIS THOUGH WAS THE *EASY TASK*...THERE WAS STILL ONE MORE. TOBY HAD NOT YET DECIDED HOW MUCH TIME THEY WOULD SPEND, SEARCHING FOR FRESH FLOWERS FROM SOMEONE'S GRAVE TO BRING BACK WITH THEM.



TOBY THOUGHT AFTERWARDS, PERHAPS THE FLOATING BEAM OF LIGHT HAD SHIMMERED INTO THEIR SLUMBER...OR POSSIBLY WHILE HE SCRIBBLED DOWN THE MOURNING, KEVIN'S PROTESTS HAD DISTURBED THEM.



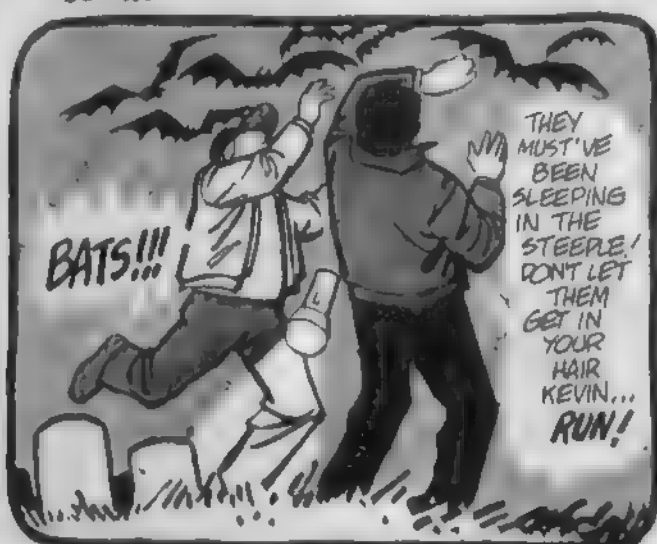
A CHILL FELL SUDDENLY OVER TOBY'S SHOULDERS AND HE TURNED TO RECOGNIZE THE FEAR IN KEVIN'S EYES,



NOW NOTHING BUT THE RASPING WIND BROKE AGAINST THE MARBLE MARKERS OF THE DEAD...LEAVING FIGMENTS OF IMAGINATION TO PURSUE THE NERVOUS VISITORS.



WHATEVER THE REASON OR CAUSE, INSTINCT ALERTED THEM AND THEY FLUNG AROUND TO SEE...



TOBY WANTED TO SCREAM BUT ONLY HIS BREATH RUSHED FROM THE SOUNDLESS HOLLOW OF HIS THROAT.



THE
CRYPTS...
HURRY
KEVIN
WE CAN
HIDE
IN THE
CRYPTS!

HE COULDN'T REMEMBER WHEN THE TAUT FLAPPING OF WINGS HAD STOPPED... THE SHRIEKING RODENT CREATURES FINALLY DISSAPPEARING INTO THE MIST, ALONG WITH THE SILENCE.



THEY
WON'T GO
TOO FAR
FROM THE
CHURCH...
WE...
GASPE
...CAN
REST...
GASP
...HERE!

HE BLINKED TO SEE PAST THE MIST OF MILDEW HOVERING AROUND HIS ANKLES KEVIN WAS PROBABLY HALF WAY HOME BY NOW...



KEVIN...
YOU OUT
THERE? YOU
CAN COME
OUT NOW...
KEVIN... YOU
HEAR
ME?

BUT KEVIN'S WHIMPERS FAILED TO LOCATE HIM... TOBY DID NOT HEAR THEM. NOR DID HE SEE BEYOND THE GRAVEYARD HARVEST, THE SHADOWS FALL UPON HIM.



SNIFF
...WHO'S THERE?
IS THAT SNIFF?
YOU TOBY?



GOSH!

ALL HE COULD IMAGINE WAS ESCAPING THIS GAME OF HAUNTING HE HAD FORCED HIMSELF TO PLAY... IF ONLY HE COULD FIND THOSE FLOWERS...



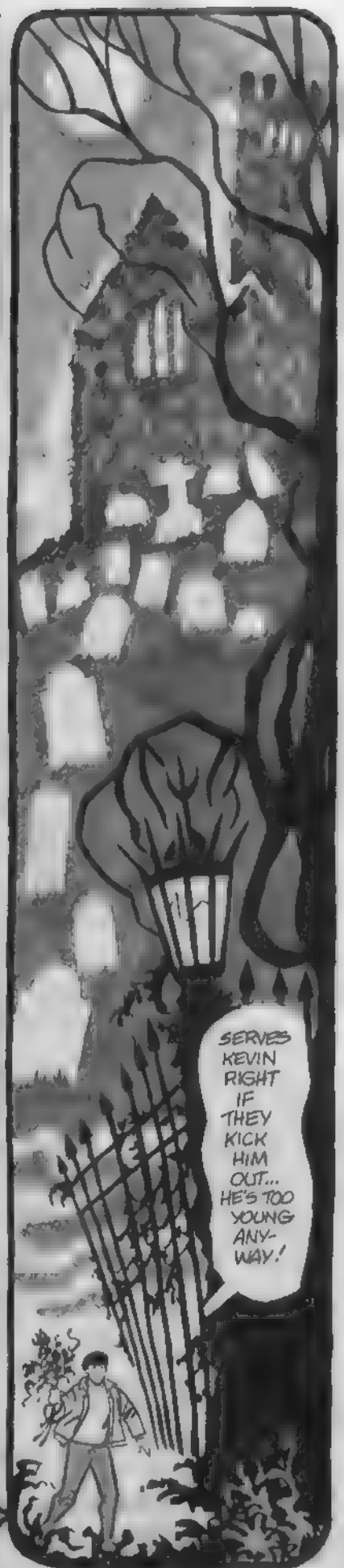
IT'S NOT
MY FAULT
ABOUT THOSE
BATS, DARNED
SCAREDY
CAT!
NOW HE WON'T
GET INTO
THE CLUB!
OOOOOHHH!

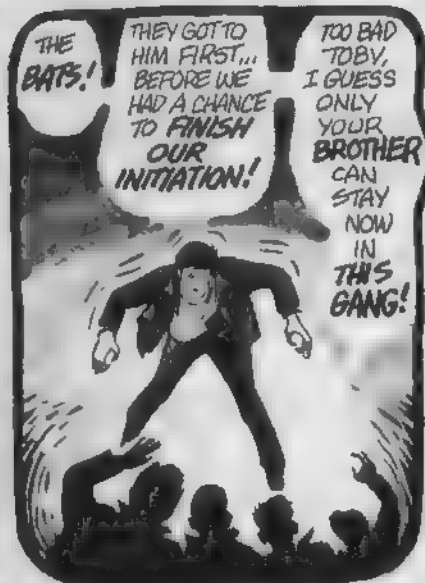
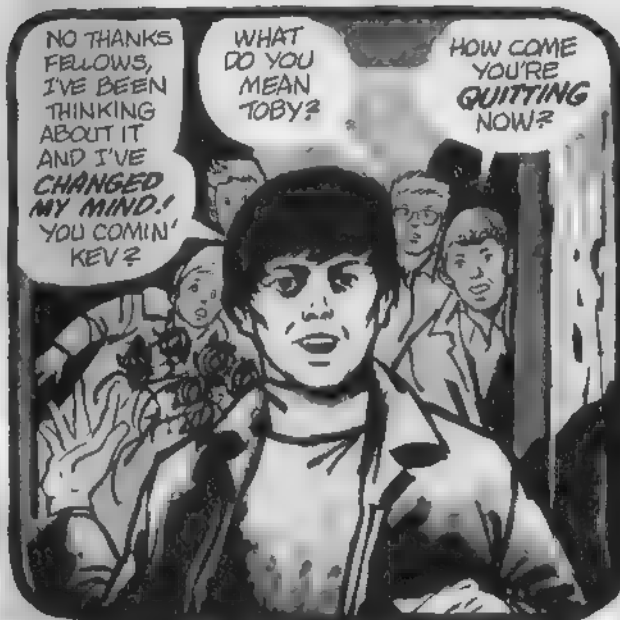


THROUGH BLURRY SHADES OF BALANCE, TOBY STRUGGLED TO REGAIN HIMSELF... FALLING TOWARD THE IMAGES AROUND HIM



TOBY TOUCHED THE BUMP ON HIS HEAD AND WINCED... HE FELT WEAK FROM RUNNING. HIS EYES FELL UPON THE FOG WET FLOWERS CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND. PRETTY SNEAKY THINKING THOSE BATS WOULD FRIGHTEN HIM... WERE THEY GOING TO BE SURPRISED!



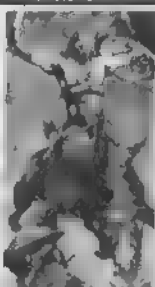


EEK... QUITE A SNEAK THAT THIRSTY TOBY... AFTER A MISTAKE LIKE THAT, HIS BATTING AVERAGE IS GONNA DROP... RIGHT INTO A VERY GRAVE SLUMP... GIGGLE, OH, IF YOU'RE WONDERING WHO THAT MYSTERY MAN ON PAGE FOUR WAS... WELL WHY NOT FIND OUT NEXT ISSUE!

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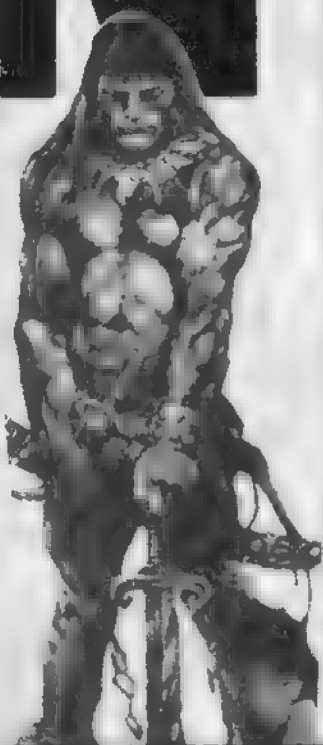
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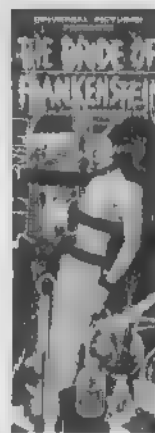
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EERIE FAN FARE

Drop in to the SLOP-IN and find out what's poppin'... **THROB MOB!** A slithering dither of withering blither, from our screamin' **DEMONIC-TIONARY**, ought to wrought a draught of thought from you, as we flip our flaps to the letter F, for some festering facts about . . .

FAMILIARS

A throbbing moan becomes the beg of a scream, slashing through the cundled fabric of the night! What sound is this which tears apart the deafness of the darkness, mingling with the muffled beat of leathery wings? At once, hysterical hooves assail the rotted bridge beneath them, their maddened clatter speaking quickly, of their rider's hasty journey. Delirium fills his mind as he seeks the lightless summit, a hollow glow of candle warmth escaping through the velvet. Beyond the apparitions, a crusted place, consumed in strange, unholy odors! Perhaps a witch dwells therein, her cauldron spilling death, while she rents her wisdom into deeds of startling magic. But there . . . that silhouette . . . a spirit thing that moves on feet, and leaves no sound behind it! **BLACK CAT!** The Devil's soul thing . . . webbing evil carefully, around those fools whose pacts are done with the Death Lord! **FAMILIARS!** Fiends who satisfy any mortals merest lusts, for the promise of their **SOULS!**

The black cat, more so than all other familiars, has filled itself with the spawn of Hades, to bring the word of Satan to our ears. Yet this is but one of many attending demons, who serve the pleasures of mortal compromise! Toads, owls, spiders, dogs . . . all obedient offspring of Heli's inferno. Not only did the magician Cornelius Agrippa, seek council from his huge, black mongrel, called Monsieur . . . when the wizard died, the animal disappeared from the face of the earth! And what of other familiars which hold the sanctity of Satan? Amulets, gold rings and charms, empowered to prove unholy whims, enfolding both the wish of life, and the wrath of **DEATH!** These then are the court of Lucifer's sanctuary . . . subjects who seek dominion over Immortality . . . and lead those who would want it



Demon draftsman, Len Wein, captures our rapture with this shrieking freak-thing, and warns us that the bony guy on the left, will make your hair stand on end . . . right over his naked noggin, if you're not careful!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

IT was a tough task to tackle . . . **CACKLE CREW**, but beginning with our next, tissue tearing issue, your bony buddy and I will be hauling the enthralling winners of our **CAULDRON CONTEST**, into the **SLIME** light! Our gory jury finished in a fury 'cause you ALL couldn't win. For those who did . . . **CONGRATULATIONS!!!**

. . . into **DAMNATION!** Beware that spider wiggling down it's gleaming thread . . . are YOU the next, it's web will snare?

MUTILATING MIKE RAAB smothers our sanity in this stiffling thifling he seems to think, may be . . .

THE FINISH

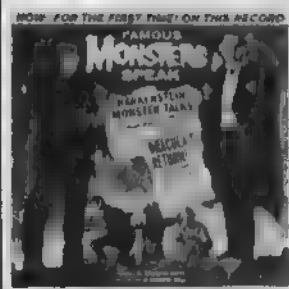
"If I die, everyone dies!" Mr. Somsocas crackling voice, broken by senility, spark gaped along the hospital corridors. Dr. Dan Parks and Dr. Ralph Rizzo looked at each other in punctuated, disbelief. "Do they always face the end like him?" Ralph asked meekly. The two men turned and entered the patient's room. "Good afternoon, Mr. Somsocas, I trust the nurses are

making your stay here a pleasant one?" Mr. Somsocas turned toward the white, coated doctors, a twisted smile curling his lips. "I'm dying and we both know it" he sneered. "You would do well to try and save me, for when I go . . .

EVERYTHING goes!" Dr. Parks leaned toward the shriveled old man, smiling. "They've told us that you said YOU created this world and everything in it Mr. Somsocas, is that true?" Dr. Rizzo replaced the chart at the bottom of the old man's bed. "According to your chart" he began, "you're eighty five. Does that make this world only eighty five years old?" "The truth is" the old man sputtered, "I come from another dimension parallel to this one. I was exiled here because of my crimes against my own world". There was nothing here when I arrived, void, little more. I created my own world to exist in, for my own pleasures. When I die, this filament will be destroyed, all of it!" Dr. Parks looked toward the pitiful patient, shaking his head. "I find that rather hard to believe Mr. Somsocas, how can you prove your statements?" Where are you, replied the old man? "Why in Manhattan of course" came the reply. "Look again" laughed the gasping man. There, outside the window, was the Eiffel Tower, surrounded in blossoming Paris. Both men began to reel in amazement. Another instant and London's Big Ben chimed loudly into Dr. Rizzo's ears. Could the old man really have done what he said? A wave of his finger and Mr. Somsocas removed them onto the surface of the **MOON!** But Dr. Parks and Dr. Rizzo were realists. Even as they stood back in the hospital room, looking at the dead man, they had convinced themselves they had seen only what they'd **WANTED TO**. Another dimension indeed! Suddenly colors ran into grays, grays into white. Shapes melted and forms dissolved . . . leaving in the final moment, enough time only for Dr. Parks to do no more than scream!!!

END

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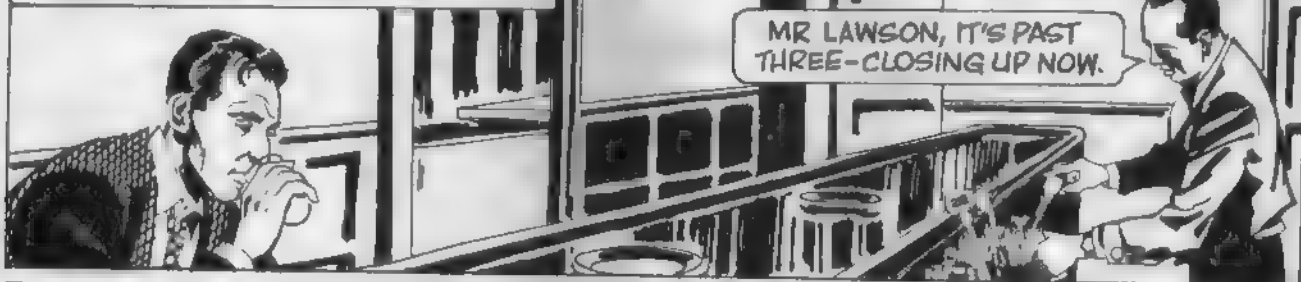
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ALLAN'S THOUGHTS SQUEEZED INTO WRINKLES ALONG HIS FOREHEAD AS HE STARED INTO THE PASTEL REFLECTIONS AROUND HIM.....



MR LAWSON, IT'S PAST THREE-CLOSING UP NOW.

BUT NOW HIS MIND WAS HYSTERICAL-IMAGINING HIMSELF RUSHING INTO THE HERALD COPYROOM SHOUTING STOP THE PRESSES!!



HE ENJOYED THE FASCINATION LIQUOR HELPED CREATE FOR HIM- REALIZING HE COULD ONLY PRETEND HIS REAL FEELINGS.



YET, IN A MOMENT, HE'D BE ARGUING THE TILT OF HIS EYESIGHT...



...BLAMING HIS ILLUSIONS ON A HALF DOZEN MARTINIS...

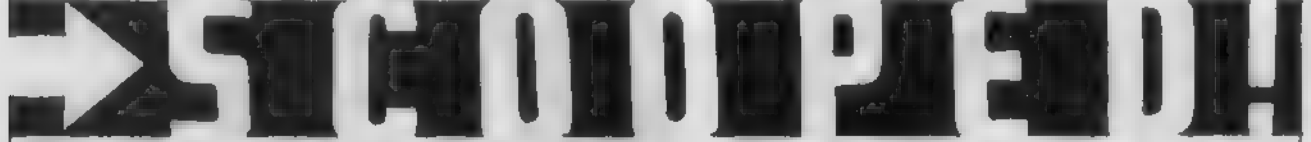


...INSTEAD OF THE COLLAPSE OF HIS OWN SANITY!





SLINK INTO THE STINK AND I'LL
SHOCK IT TO YOU WITH
SOME PRIME SLIME... CLOT TOTS!
TRY THIS RIP TRIP AND STRIP YOUR
SANITY WHEN WE FIND OUT WHAT
HAPPENS TO A ROVING REPORTER
WHO REALLY GETS...



HIS EYES STRETCHED AGAINST THEIR SOCKETS, REALIZING THESE
WERE NO FICTION OF HIS REELING SENSES.

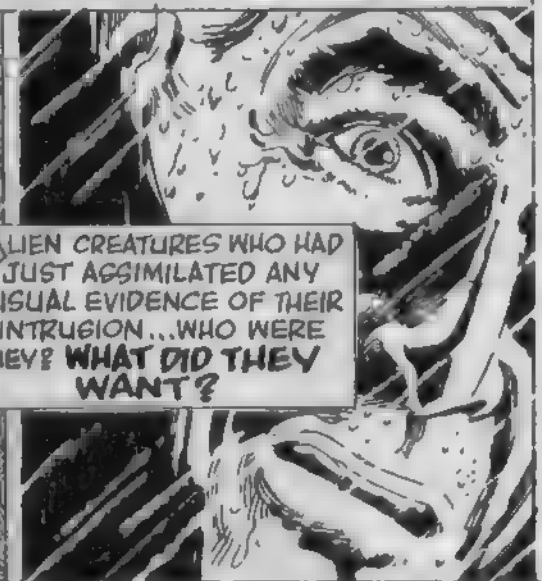
THAT SMELL-COUGH-
SICKENING! LIKE
THE STENCH OF
DECAY!

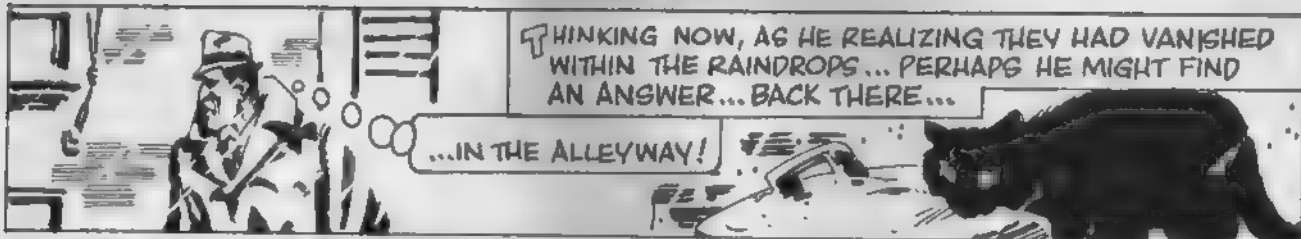


THIS WAS HAPPENING! TOMORROW'S HEADACHE
WOULDN'T SATISFY WHAT HE HAD SEEN!



ALIEN CREATURES WHO HAD
JUST AGGIMILATED ANY
VISUAL EVIDENCE OF THEIR
INTRUSION...WHO WERE
THEY? WHAT DID THEY
WANT?





THINKING NOW, AS HE REALIZING THEY HAD VANISHED WITHIN THE RAINDROPS... PERHAPS HE MIGHT FIND AN ANSWER... BACK THERE...

...IN THE ALLEYWAY!



GOOD LORD!

-PLEASE... GASP... YOU MUST LISTEN... GASP...



-NAME... GASP... IS DR. STALZER. WE WERE CONTACTED... INSTRUCTED TO MEET THEM HERE...

-BUT WHY, DOCTOR? WHAT IS THEIR PURPOSE HERE?



-I DON'T KNOW... ONLY THAT THEY WANT NO ONE TO SUSPECT THEIR VISIT. THEY'VE DISGUISED THEMSELVES...

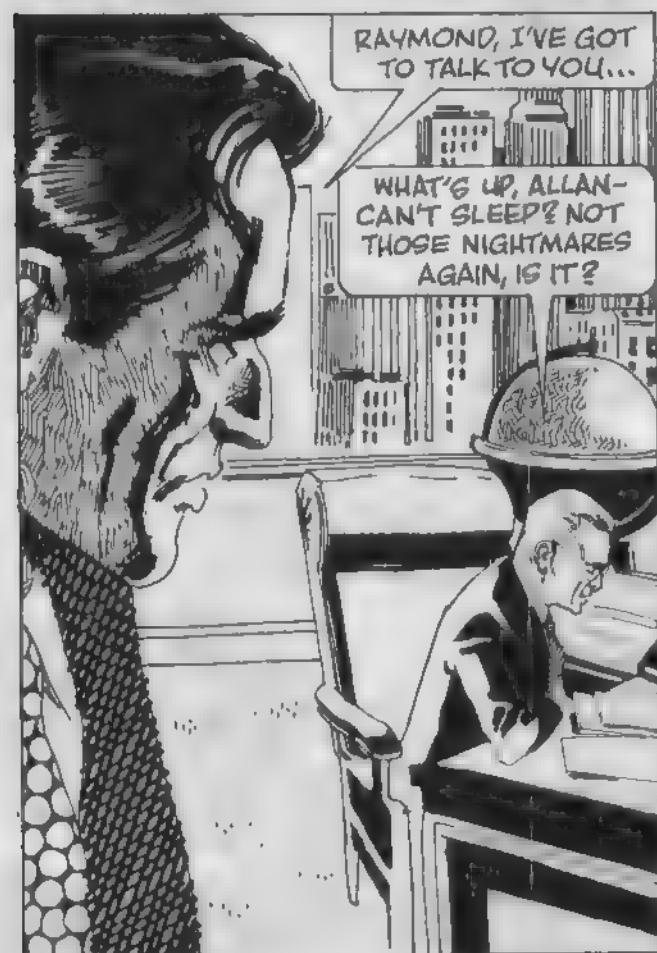
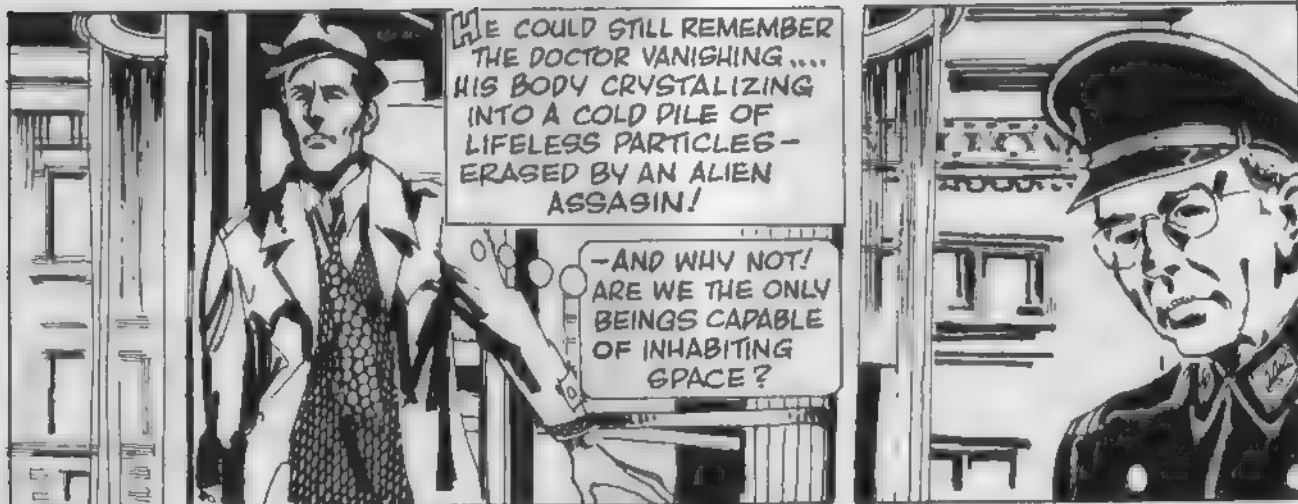
I KNOW... I SAW! WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW, DOCTOR?

TREMBLING LIPS CONTINUED TO WHISPER REASON INTO ALLAN'S BRAIN... SHUDDERING A WARNING TO HIM!



MY ASSISTANT HAS ALREADY ATOMIZED... THEY HAVE ASSUMED OUR MOLECULAR STRUCTURE TO HIDE IN! SOMEONE HAS TO FIND THEM... WARN THE OTHERS!

DOCTOR!!



HE WATCHED RAYMOND LISTEN TO DETAIL, EXPECTING THE SKEPTICAL ASTONISHMENT HE REFLECTED. IF ONLY THE MAN IN THE ALLEY HADN'T-

VANISHED! COME ON, ALLAN- ARE YOU SURE YOU WEREN'T JUST IMAGINING THINGS?

I TELL YOU, RAYMOND- I SAW THEM!

THEY'RE USING THE BODIES OF DOCTOR STALZER AND HIS ASSISTANT TO DISGUISE THEIR PRESENCE. THE **REAL** DR STALZER DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE!

OKAY ALLAN - SUPPOSE WE CHECK OUT THIS...DR STALZER, THEN WHAT HAPPENS?

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY THEY ARE HERE... WITHOUT CREATING GUSPICION.

IF THEY ARE WHAT YOU SAY, WHAT DO WE DO IF THEY FIND US OUT?

WE TRY TO STOP THEM... BEFORE THEY STOP US!

HAVE AN INTERVIEW ARRANGED WITH DR STALZER FOR TOMORROW. WE'LL FIND OUT ABOUT THEM SOON ENOUGH... I'M GOING HOME TO GET SOME SLEEP.

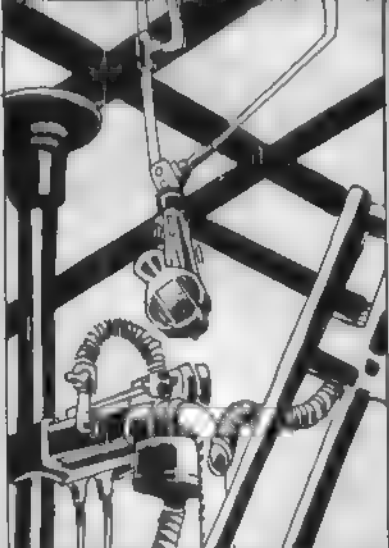
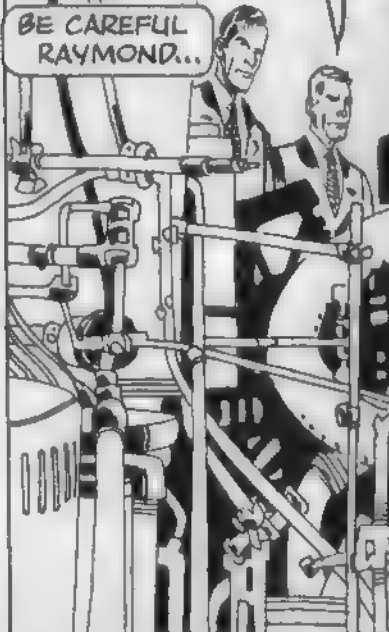
GOODNIGHT... ALLAN.



BUT TIME TO THINK WAS MORE VALUABLE THAN UNCONSCIOUS ESCAPE-- ALLAN HAD SLEPT NONE OF IT AWAY!

WORKING HERE, IN THE SOLAR INSTITUTE... OF COURSE! THE PERFECT HIDING PLACE!

BE CAREFUL RAYMOND...



GENTLEMEN... PLEASE COME IN-- MY ASSISTANT AND I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

I'M DR. GERARD, WE THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE A SHORT TOUR OF OUR LABORATORY.



PROGRESS IN SPACE EXPLORATION HAS BEEN SLOW UNTIL NOW-- HOWEVER WE EXPECT A MAJOR BREAK-THROUGH SOON.

HOW CLOSE ARE WE TO-- VISITING OTHER PLANETS, DOCTOR?



WE CAN'T SAY EXACTLY, BUT WE HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE TO UNLOCK THE UNIVERSE!



...OR DESTROY IT!



--DESTROY IT, MR LAWSON?

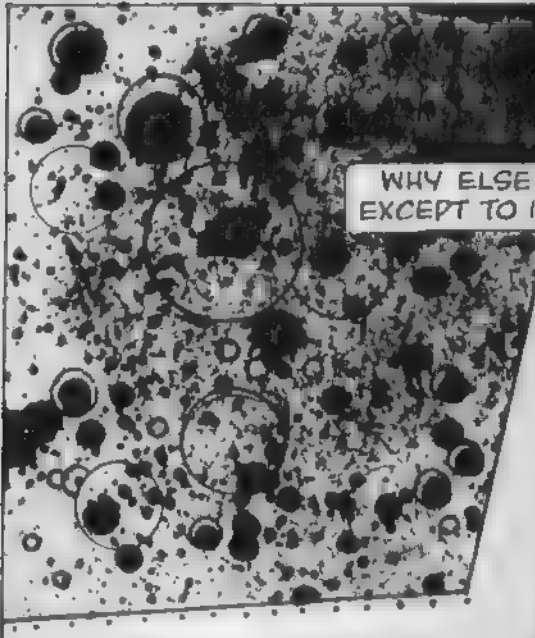
ASSUMING WE WILL EVENTUALLY STEP ONTO OTHER PLANETS-- VISIT OTHER WORLDS, DOCTOR...



...ISN'T IT LIKELY THAT OTHER LIFE FORMS MIGHT VISIT OURS?

I THINK I CAN ANSWER THAT FOR YOU, MR LAWSON...





SUPPOSE BEINGS FROM ANOTHER
WORLD **DID** COME HERE, MR
LAWSON- WHAT REASON WOULD
YOU GIVE FOR THEIR VISIT?

WHY ELSE WOULD THEY COME
EXCEPT TO INHABIT OUR PLANET.



BUT WHAT IF THEY CAME,
NOT TO CONQUER, BUT
TO EDUCATE! WOULD YOU
DESTROY THEM BECAUSE
OF YOUR FEAR?

DESTROYED BY THE SAME MISTAKE
WE MADE IN OUR WORLD- EVEN
AFTER WE THOUGHT WE HAD
SOLVED ALL OUR IGNORANCE!



A PLACE TOO ADVANCED
TO REALIZE IT HAD
ALLOWED SCIENCE TO
ENSLAVE OUR EMOTIONS-
IN A GALAXY FAR ENOUGH
FROM YOUR WORLD NOT
TO MATTER... UNLESS WE
CAN MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND!



WITHOUT
OUR HELP,
GENTLEMEN-
YOUR PLANET
IS DOOMED!





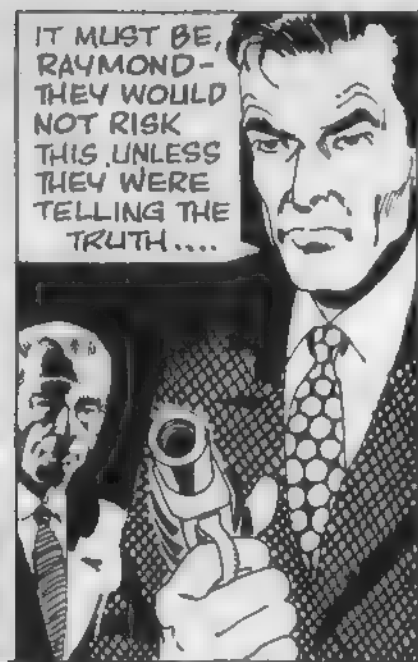
WE WERE FORCED TO DISGUISE OURSELVES TO PREVENT MASS HYSTERIA...

...BUT YOU MUST BELIEVE US, WE COME IN PEACE!



HOW DO WE KNOW WE CAN TRUST YOU?...THAT AT THIS MOMENT OTHERS ARE NOT COMING TO ENSLAVE THIS PLANET!

HERE - THIS IS THE ONLY WEAPON WE BROUGHT WITH US - IF YOU BELIEVE THAT - THEN DESTROY US BOTH NOW!



IT MUST BE, RAYMOND - THEY WOULD NOT RISK THIS UNLESS THEY WERE TELLING THE TRUTH....



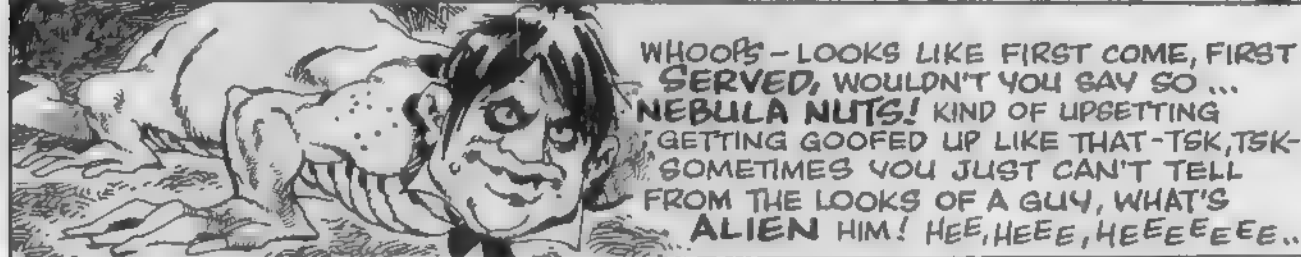
THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES, THEN - HOW FORTUNATE...

FOR US!!



THEY WOULD HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING WITH THEIR KNOWLEDGE - MANKIND MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED...NOW THAT WE'RE READY TO BEGIN INVASION!

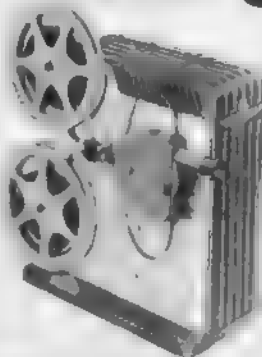
-WE COULDN'T ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN... AFTER ALL... WE WERE HERE FIRST!



WHOOFS - LOOKS LIKE FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED, WOULDN'T YOU SAY SO... NEBULA NUTS! KIND OF UPSETTING GETTING GOOFED UP LIKE THAT - TSK, TSK - SOMETIMES YOU JUST CAN'T TELL FROM THE LOOKS OF A GUY, WHAT'S ALIEN HIM! HEE, HEEE, HEEEEEE..

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A FULL SIZED,
150 WATT

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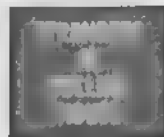
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Thor, the Norse thundergod, recently had to take an elevator to the top of a midtown skyscraper before he could fly off to Asgard to stop a rampaging witchdoctor—because a cop wouldn't let Thor whirl his magic hammer on a crowded street. A woman in the elevator looked at Thor's shoulder-length blond curls and mused, "That REMINDS me—I'm due for a PERMANENT at noon."

BORIS KARLOFF'S TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED



Do not be afraid Boris Karloff is here to light your way down the dark, shuddering corridors of blood-chilling suspense. Come in, if you dare. Watch out for trap doors. And, oh yes, please close them behind you when you leave... And watch out for Boris!

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DRAG YOUR *BEASTLY BODIES* ONTO THE NEAREST SLAB AND STRETCH OUT... I'M SET TO GO WITH SOME *GEAR FEAR*, SO FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE SET BY THE HERO OF THIS TALE, AND JUST GET INTO....

The SPIRIT OF THE THING!

DURING ONE OF THE HOTTEST NIGHTS OF LAST SUMMER, A STRANGE FIGURE WAS OBSERVED MAKING HIS WAY DOWN MANHATTAN'S WEST 17TH STREET... STAGGERING UNSTEADILY, AND AT LENGTH CLIMBING WITH GREAT AWKWARDNESS UP THE STEPS OF A ROOMING HOUSE ON THE BLOCK...

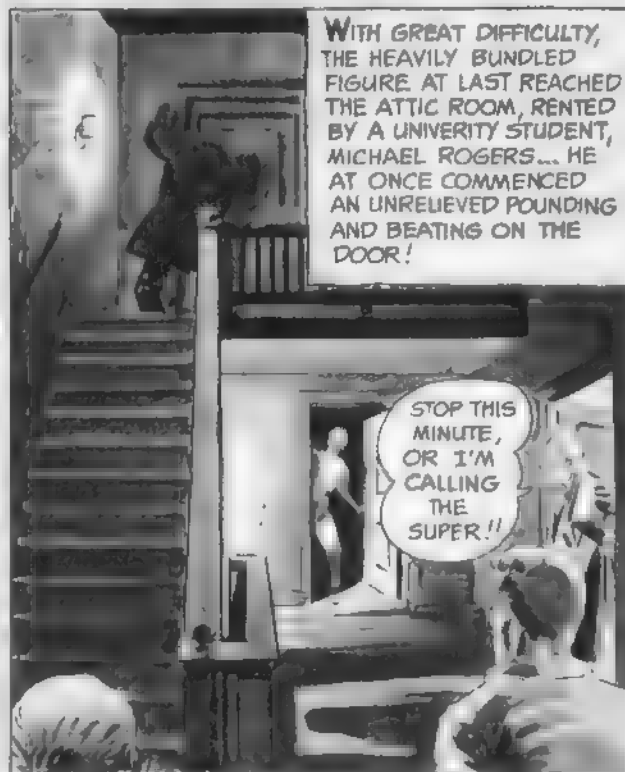
THE STRANGER'S ASCENT UP THE OLD BUILDING'S STAIRS WAS CLUMSY AND NOISY. IT WAS A DRY SEASON, BUT WITNESSES LATER RECALLED TRAILINGS OF MUD AND DAMP EARTH WERE LEFT BEHIND ON THE STEPS...

WATTA YA, DRUNK? WATCH THE RACKET!



WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY, THE HEAVILY BUNDLED FIGURE AT LAST REACHED THE ATTIC ROOM, RENTED BY A UNIVERSITY STUDENT, MICHAEL ROGERS... HE AT ONCE COMMENCED AN UNRELIEVED POUNDING AND BEATING ON THE DOOR!

STOP THIS MINUTE, OR I'M CALLING THE SUPER!!



THE SOUND OF SPLINTERING WOOD BROUGHT MOST OF THE HOUSE TO THE STAIRS, ONLY TO BE FOLLOWED BY A HUMAN SOUND FAR MORE DREADFUL!



NOISE OF A VIOLENT STRUGGLE RENT THE NIGHT...



...AND ON THE STREET, OBSERVERS SAW THE ATTIC ROOM PLUNGED INTO PITCH DARKNESS...



... THEN THERE WAS A FEARFUL SILENCE.

WHEN NO FURTHER SOUND ENSUED, THE BUILDING'S SUPER-INTENDENT INCHED OPEN THE ROOM'S BROKEN DOOR, HIS TREMBLING HAND FUMBLING FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH...

ROGERS!

THE LIGHTS... DON'T... TURN THEM ON...! FOR GOD'S SAKE...



TO WHAT WAS OBVIOUSLY LITTLE AVAIL, THE STUDENT WAS MADE COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE...

SOMEONE GET A DOCTOR! THIS MAN'S DYING!

DON'T BOTHER... S'ALL RIGHT... DOESN'T MATTER... NOW...



WHO DID IT, ROGERS? WHERE'D HE GO? HOW'D A THING LIKE THIS HAPPEN?

HOW?...



STARTED WITH... PROFESSOR JEROME... AT SCHOOL...



"THE PROFESSOR WAS DOING A PAPER ON HYPNOTISM. HE'D ASKED FOR STUDENT VOLUNTEERS TO ASSIST AS SUBJECTS..."



...NOW WHEN I SNAP MY FINGERS, YOU'LL WAKE UP, MICHAEL... READY... NOW!



GO OKAY THIS TIME, PROFESSOR?

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE RESPOND TO HYPNOSIS AS YOU HAVE! YOU'RE THE PERFECT SUBJECT... THAT'S WHY I'M USING YOU FOR MY MOST IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT!



I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR THE OPPORTUNITY! NOW, WITH YOU, IT CAN BE DONE! LONG-RANGE THOUGHT TRANSFER THROUGH HYPNOTIC TRANCE! YOUR MIND... YOUR SPIRIT... WILL ANSWER MY CALL!



I-ISN'T IT RISKY THIS SOON?

TIME IS SHORT! THE CHANCE MAY NEVER COME AGAIN... I'VE ALREADY GIVEN YOU A POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION...IT MUST BE... TONIGHT!



"SUDDENLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE AIDING THE PROFESSOR IN HIS STUDIES, I FELT AFRAID... YET, IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE... THE SUGGESTION HAD BEEN PLANTED IN MY MIND..."



"...AND AT MIDNIGHT, IT TOOK EFFECT... I FELT MYSELF SLIPPING INTO A TRANCE... SPINNING DEEPER AND DEEPER..."

BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!
BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!



"NEVER HAD I FELT SO STRONGLY DRAWN INTO A TRANCE! THEN, I SUDDENLY FELT... **FREE!** ABLE TO FLOAT... DRIFT... LOOK DOWN UPON MYSELF AND MY ROOM..."



IT'S WORKING! MORE THAN JUST THOUGHT TRANSFER... MY WHOLE SPIRIT'S CUT LOOSE FROM MY BODY!



"THE SIGHT SWIRLED AND VANISHED... NOW I WAS MOVING... SEARCHING... FOLLOWING A COMMAND..."



MICHAEL! THIS WAY MICHAEL! YOU MUST COME!

PROFESSOR JEROME! GOT TO MOVE TOWARD HIS VOICE...

"I WAS MOVING THROUGH A STRANGE HALF-WORLD... A WORLD OF MIST AND SHADOW... TERRIBLE SHADOWS WITH MELTING FACES OF CLOAKED HORROR... NEBULOUS MONSTROSITIES FLOATING... DRIFTING... WATCHING..."



"FINALLY, MY DESTINATION WAS IN SIGHT... I HAD REACHED MY GOAL... EVEN THOUGH THE COMMAND WAS NO LONGER BEING GIVEN..."

PROFESSOR! PROFESSOR!



"...FOR THE MOST LOGICAL OF REASONS!"

DEAD! HEART ATTACK! THE STRAIN MUST HAVE BEEN TOO GREAT FOR HIM...



"ALL CONSUMING DREAD SENT ME RACING BACK THROUGH THE MISTS AND TERRIBLE SHADOWS... BACK TO THAT SOLID WORLD I'D BEEN PULLED OUT OF... BACK TO THE COMFORT OF MY OWN -- "



"BUT THERE WAS NO COMFORT... ONLY HORROR! THE GREATEST HORROR OF ALL!"



"I FLED, STRICKEN WITH PANIC...YET INSTINCTIVELY I WAS DRAWN TO THE ANSWER..."

HELLO, MICHAEL... DON'T BE SO SURPRISED! I CAN SENSE YOUR PRESENCE... I'M ATTUNED TO THAT SORT OF THING!

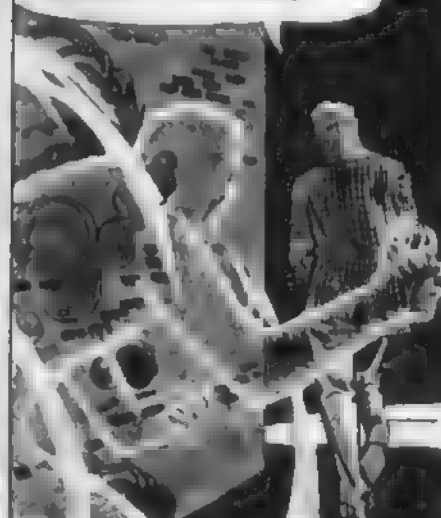


"THE VOICE WAS MINE...THE BODY WAS MINE... BUT THE SPIRIT MOVING AND MOTIVATING IT BELONGED TO... **PROFESSOR JEROME!**"

I **KNEW** I WAS GOING TO DIE... YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR GRABBING AT A HEALTHY YOUNG BODY! TOO BAD YOU LET YOUR SPIRIT OUT OF IT... BUT THEN I **PLANNED** IT THAT WAY, DIDN'T I? **HAAAAHAHAHAHAHA!**



RATHER LIKE LOSING AT MUSICAL CHAIRS, EH, MICHAEL? WON'T BE SEEING MUCH MORE OF YOU... LIVING SPIRITS WITHOUT BODIES TEND TO BECOME LIKE THOSE SHADOW CREATURES...



"I WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS JEROME STROLLED AWAY WITH MY BODY... MY LIFE THAT HE HAD STOLEN..."



JEROME...



JEROME! PLEASE!



"I WAS TRAPPED! DOOMED TO WANDER FOR ETERNITY IN THAT HORRIBLE HALF-WORLD UNTIL I DISSOLVED INTO PART OF IT... TRAPPED... DOOMED... WITHOUT A BODY..."



"HOW LONG I FLOATED IN THAT LIMBO OF SHADOWS AND MIST, I CAN'T BE SURE, BUT FINALLY IT CAME TO ME..."

A BODY! THERE IS A SPIRITLESS BODY I CAN USE!



"MORE TIME PASSED AS I SEARCHED... BUT I HAD PURPOSE... DETERMINATION... AND, EVENTUALLY..."



"...I FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR!"



"THE REST WAS NOT EASY, BUT I NOW HAD A BODY, AND SLOWLY, BUT SURELY, THE AWFUL DECAYING THING BEGAN TO WORK FOR ME!"

HARDER...



HARDER!...



NOW!



"TOO MUCH TIME HAD GONE BY! THE THING THAT HAD ONCE BEEN PROFESSOR JEROME'S BODY MOVED AWKWARDLY AND WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY... HARDLY ENOUGH MUSCLE LEFT TO OBEY MY SPIRIT URGING IT FORWARD..."



"EVEN AS I MOVED IT, THE THING WAS COLLAPSING UNDER ME... MINUTE PARTICLES SLOWLY DROPPING AWAY... YET I HAD TO KEEP GOING... ON TO MANHATTAN..."



"...AND PROFESSOR JEROME!"



"I HURTTED THE LOATHSOME THING FORWARD, GROPPING WITH BONY FINGERS FOR THE LIVING FLESH THAT WAS MY OWN... CLAWING AND STRIKING..."



"LITTLE BY LITTLE, MY DECAYING INSTRUMENT OF REVENGE WAS CRUMBLING INTO NOTHING... STILL I POUNDED... HIT... SMASHED... GOUGED..."



"AT LAST, IT HAD ITS EFFECT! JEROME WOULD NOT LET HIS SPIRIT BE TRAPPED IN THE BATTERED DYING SHELL... HE ABANDONED THE BODY... MY BODY..."



T-THAT STORY...IT
COULDN'T BE TRUE...
COULD IT?

SUBSEQUENT INTERVIEWS FAILED TO DETERMINE WHICH PERSON ACTULLY TURNED ON THE LIGHT...

OH, MY GOD!

...BUT ALL PRESENT LATER AGREED IT HAD BEEN THE MOST HIDEOUS MISTAKE IN WHAT WAS CONSIDERED TO BE AN EVENING OF HORRORS!

B-BUT... IF THAT *T-THING*
IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF
JEROME'S BODY...

...T-THEN
HIS SPIRIT...

SPECULATION CONCERNING THE SPIRIT OF PROFESSOR WALDEN JEROME ENDED ABRUPTLY WHEN HIS OWN WORDS TO THE DISEMBODIED MICHAEL ROGERS WERE RECALLED: "LIVING SPIRITS WITHOUT BODIES TEND TO BECOME LIKE THOSE SHADOW CREATURES..."

SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO JEROME? HE WAS A GUY WHO'D RATHER SWITCH THAN FIGHT... NOW HE'S JUST A **SHADOW** OF HIS FORMER SELF! OH WELL, ON TO MY NEXT TINGLING ISSUE ... THAT'S THE **SPIRIT!**

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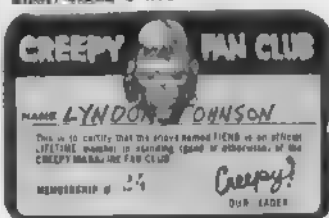


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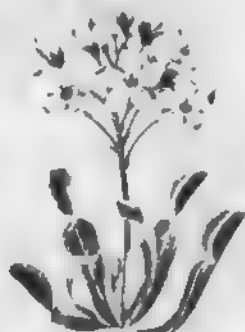
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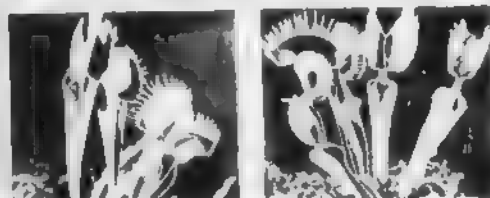
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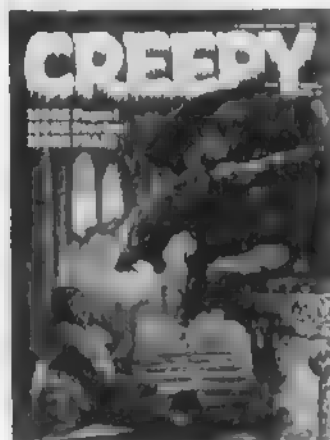
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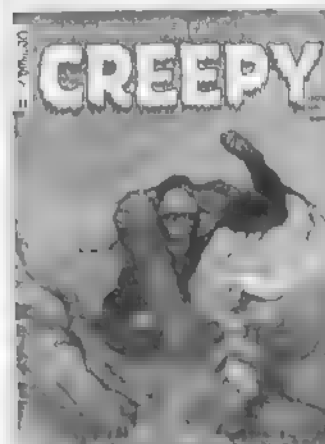
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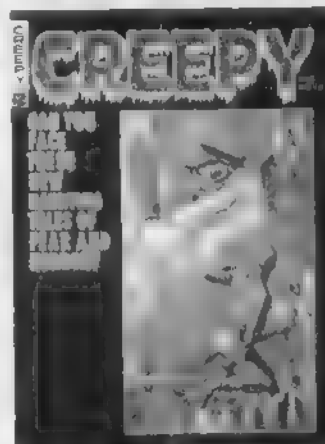
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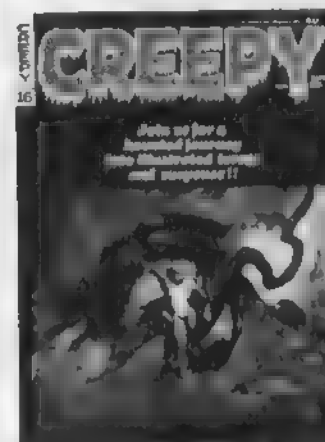
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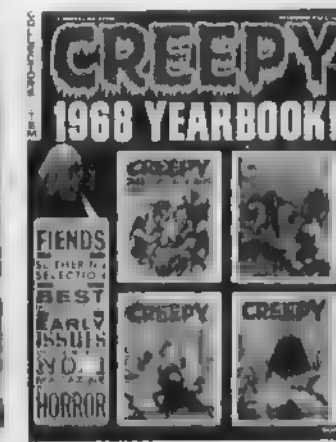
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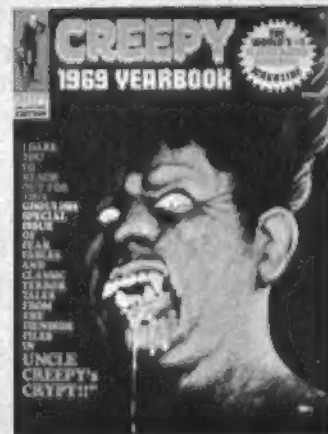
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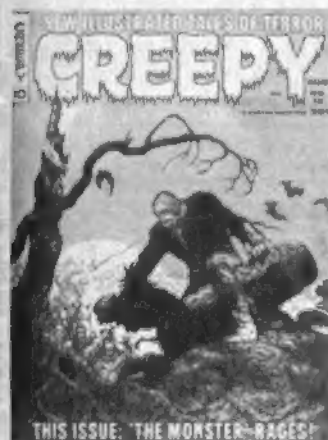
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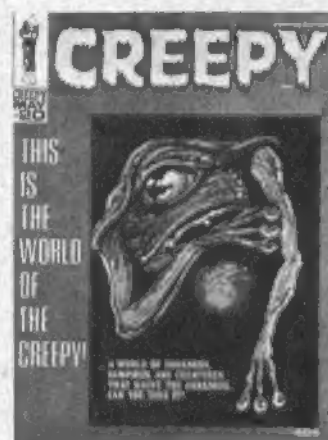
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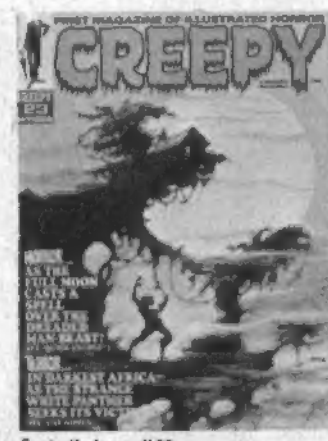
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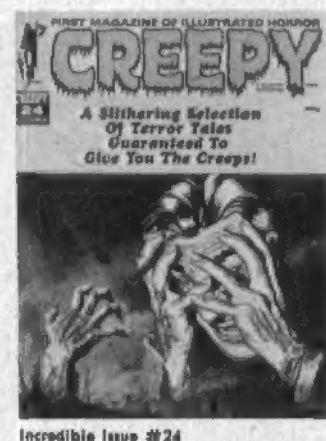
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**OH NO... NOT
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WITH HER PRESENCE!
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